

Spelman SPOTLIGHT

THE VOICE OF BLACK WOMANHOOD

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by Kamela Heyward

On Thursday September 10, 1987 Sisters Chapel quickly filled with curious young women. The energy in the chapel was one of people sitting on the edge of their seats, impatiently awaiting the first Black female president of Spelman College to speak. When the time arrived for Dr. Johnnetta B. Cole to speak, the whole audience spontaneously jumped out of their seats to "receive the message" from the woman of the hour. Dr. Cole opened by sharing her thoughts on the first convocation and what message she would like to convey. She stated that after much uncertainty and ponderance over many topics, her close friend provided her with an African proverb, "Those who learn must teach." The inspirational theme that resulted was "Our Communities." Dr. Cole's goal was to leave the students so inspired that they would find it essential to give back their talents to the Black community.

After stating the theme, she then launched full force into her message. One of the first points Dr. Cole shared with the extremely attentive audience was that Black institutions' ultimate goal of striving for excellence is defeated unless the student shares his or her acquired knowledge with the Black community. As the speech

Bringing it Back Home

continued, it was evident that Dr. Cole was not ignoring the fact that there were many reasons which prevented Black youth from being dedicated to their community. Recognizing this she went even further by pointing out some of the problems that afflict not only the Black youth of today but the Black community as a whole. One of the major problems is the constant role changes expected of youth from the society. Young people are struggling in a competitive society which encourages them to be bicultural. Although it is positive for young people to experience different cultures, those same young people are often burdened with "which community" they should belong. This confusion is not only disruptive to the individual but it is tragic to the community and nation. An individual torn between two different communities cannot pledge total allegiance to either one.

Another problem deeply connected with the first, was

denial of culture. She stated even though conscious and unconscious efforts are made to scorn African culture, African retentions are still found in African American culture and throughout the world. Many smiles were seen and amens and uh-huhs uttered as Dr. Cole presented examples and connections between the dance, music and food of Black American to Africa. By pointing out the strong influence Africa continues to have on Black America it was proven that the African heritage cannot be "resisted." Because Black Americans are linked by a particular heritage and common goal we should work together to make the positive aspects of the heritage flourish and reflect on painful parts as a reminder of how much more we have to accomplish. At this point in the speech Dr. Cole said that we as young Black women, as a tribute to our mothers and grandmother who laid the foundation of striving for excellence, should return to "Our Community," our accu-

mulated knowledge.

With great emphasis Dr. Cole said it is of importance that Black youth also teach and understand the two realities of our community. The first realities are Black on Black crime, teen pregnancy and many other maladies which are slowly destroying the Black community. But the second half of reality is a positive one, young Black college students which could provide hope for the "falling" Black community by sharing their expertise in their various fields.

By accepting and praising our African culture and African heritage, we will then be able to appreciate other cultures. We would be stronger by embracing the African cosmology which encourages "inclusion not exclusion" instead of thinking ourselves better by denying our heritage and accepting the values of the broader community. Dr. Cole then closed the message reciting a list of African proverbs. The proverb that summed up the message so

(continued on p.3)

The Spelman Spotlight Introduces SAVANT

by M. Joette Harland

A new organization is being established called SAVANT by the Atlanta University Center Philosophy society. Its name was very appropriately chosen in accordance to its purpose. The purpose of SAVANT is to create an atmosphere of political, social, and religious awareness among the student-faculty population of

the AUC. The organization intends to emphasize that thinking and reasoning are essential in the development of the Black mind. The organization believes that during the past twenty years critical thinking in the Black community has diminished and offers to challenge participants in the organization to re-establish critical

thinking. After participating in the program, it is the hope of the organization that the outcome will be a more learned person (or savant).

There will be monthly forums on contemporary issues where student ideas will be discussed through vocal presentation and publications throughout the Atlanta University Center.

There will also be informal encounter groups in the center to exchange and share ideas, and engaging students in open campus conversations of individual interest will also be strongly encouraged. For more information on SAVANT, contact the president of the organization, Thomas Dawson at 525-6050.



Editor's Note

Dear Fellow Spelmanites:

During the past month, I have had many people approach me and ask, "Do I have to be an English major to write for *The Spotlight*?" "Is it too late to sign up to be on *The Spotlight* staff?" and "Am I just committed to writing articles for the newspaper?" The answer to all of these questions is no.

At *The Spotlight*, we accept anyone who has a sincere interest in expressing themselves through the written word. We are "The Voice of Black Womanhood" therefore we want to hear your

thoughts, opinions, and suggestions. You are free to express yourself through poetry, editorials, letters to the editor, and other ideas that you wish to contribute.

We, the editors of *The Spotlight* are trying diligently to make our newspaper the very best that it can be. That means having it released every month and addressing issues that concern you. We are very serious in our efforts and we ask that all feel free to let us hear your voice. It will make a difference.

Sincerely,
Julie Alexander

The Spelman Spotlight welcomes Kai Jackson

by Kori Scurlock

Kai Jackson, a native Chicagoan, is studying here at Spelman for the 1987-88 school year. She is on exchange from Sarah Lawrence in Bronxville, New York.

K.S.—Sarah Lawrence has approximately 800 students. How many are Black?

K.J.—Out of the 800 students, 40 are Black, about 20 identify Black and about 10 are active with the Black organizations.

K.S.—What are your future plans?

K.J.—I am an English major and I would like to teach on a college level at a school like Spelman—maybe Spelman.

K.S.—Why did you chose to study at Spelman?

K.J.—I have studied some of Dr. Wade Gayles' work—*No Crystal Stair* and I was hoping to take some of her classes. I was disappointed to

learn that she will not be teaching this semester; hopefully I can take one of her classes next semester.

K.S.—Other than the fact that Dr. Gayles will not be teaching this semester has Spelman lived up to your expectation?

K.J.—Pretty much so, I really had not heard too much about Spelman. I just came here with an open mind.

K.S.—Did you enjoy freshman week?

K.J.—I enjoyed freshman week. I was most impressed by Johnetta Cole and I am happy to be here at Spelman this year making history.

K.S.—How do you feel about Spelman sisterhood? Has everyone been friendly?

K.J.—Everyone has been pretty friendly, but I will admit, I have witnessed Spelman women demon-

strating sisterhood in both positive and negative ways. I think we as Black women are too critical on one another.

K.S.—What has been one of the hardest adjustments you have had to make?

K.J.—The restrictions. At Sarah Lawrence, there are no restrictions placed on the students. I will have to get use to the cafeteria food. It is too salty and unhealthy.

K.S.—What do you like most about Spelman?

K.J.—Finally, I can learn from a Black perspective. I also realize that I am missing out on the social scene. I can tell now that it will be hard for me to leave.

K.S.—What goals have you set for yourself this semester?

K.J.—I would like to write for "The Spotlight" and take as many courses in Black Studies as possible.

Spelman SPOTLIGHT

THE VOICE OF BLACK WOMANHOOD

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"Faculty Spotlight: Barbara Brown"

by Jaye M. Johnson

Under the leadership of a new president, Dr. Johnetta Cole, faculty members and students are presently evaluating and redefining the existing administration. In making this transition students should be aware that several changes have been made in administrative positions. Some faculty members have left, while others have added responsibilities. One such faculty member who has taken on more duties is Barbara Brown.

Presently Mrs. Brown is Associate Director of the Career Planning and Placement Center. In this position Mrs. Brown works in setting

up various programs, some of which include summer internships, job placements, and enrollment in graduate and professional schools. These and other programs are available to students who are interested in gaining experience and working in the job market. Mrs. Brown encourages students to inquire and take advantage of these various programs. (Note that priority is given to juniors and seniors in these programs because they will be entering post-graduate studies.) Mrs. Brown also works in conjunction with the Atlanta University Center Placement Office. Students from all of the AU schools are able to receive career planning and job placement. This is an excellent program which assists students in post-graduate work and studies.

In addition to serving as Associate Director of the Career Planning and Placement Center, Mrs. Brown is holding the position of Acting Associate Dean of Student Life, previously held by

Stephen Childs. When asked whether holding two positions is a tough job, she replied, "Working goes beyond just working from 9 to 5." These two positions are both geared toward helping students. Mrs. Brown's primary responsibility is serving as advisor to Spelman's Student Government Association. This includes giving advice to the SGA on the various activities they have in action. She works toward achieving a balanced curriculum, which includes both academic and extra-curricular activities. Her primary goal is in working with Dr. Cole and the entire administration in planning and creating a successful year.

Barbara Brown challenges each student to help make this a very productive year. She feels that our old ties can be strengthened with new bonds if we all work together.

Good luck to Dr. Cole, new and old administrators, and to you my Spelman sisters in making this the best year ever!



Bringing It Home *(continued from p.1)*



beautifully was "Receiving a new bracelet is no particular reason to ditch the old one."

When the speech was completed the audience once again jumped to their feet. This time not spontaneously but thoughtfully, slowly accepting the challenge to accomplish goals and responsibilities just presented to them. The Student Govern-

ment Association president, Angela Glaude then officially inducted Dr. Cole into the Spelman sisterhood. But it was clear that Dr. Cole had already grasped the intense emotional commitment that Spelman sisterhood should entail. As the time approached to sing the Spelman hymn sisters eagerly joined hands and sang the words with true conviction. The convocation ended but a line began on the stage to hug and thank the woman who says she is truly serious about the development of "our community" and Spelman women's contributions to it.

Thank you Dr. Cole and welcome.



"Re-orient yourself with the Sisterhood of Spelman"

by Dawne A. Mitchell

During the week of August 22nd through August 29th, Spelman College experienced a major transition. The ultimate changing of the guard took place. While Dr. Cole became our first Black female president and Angela Glaude became our Spelman Student Government Association president with "A New Perspective," the Class of 1991 grew immensely.

Within Spelman we have realized there is an even greater claim to fame. Not only are we a diverse group of culturally stimulating, academically talented and spiritually enriching Black women but also we at Spelman are nurtured with a very unique and intimate spirit. That spirit is SISTERHOOD. It is baffling as to why that fact has become almost obsolete with upperclassmen. What causes the sudden forgetfulness of the vows made your freshmen week? Don't you remember? The vow to uphold the standards of this institution and live by the motto, "Our Whole School For Christ." You dedi-

cated you tenure at Spelman to the essence of Spelman—excellence, sisterhood and scholarship. Freshman week was filled with the "notion" of sisterhood. Perhaps the term is unfamiliar, then let me remind you.

Sisterhood, defined by Webster's Dictionary states: A number of women belonging to one society. Well sisters, our definition extends far past this vague interpretation. Our sisterhood is more than an understanding. It is a practical application. Yes, it began your freshmen week when the upperclassmen opened their hearts to you, the arriving freshman class. It continued throughout the week as you interacted with Spelmanites in rap sessions, state rallies, teas, sleepovers and casual home-girl acquaintances. Don't you remember feeling "Special?" If you don't remember, then you missed the sole purpose of freshmen orientation week. I suggest you re-orient yourself, NOW!

First let me tell you about

our Sisterhood. The following principles apply: Umoja (unity); Kujichogulia, (self-determination); Nia, (purpose); Ujima, (collective work); Ujamaa, (cooperative economics); and Imani, (having faith in our sisterhood). Like diamonds, we are precious, and rare. Like emeralds, we are transparent, yet embody strength. Like pearls, we are delicate, soft and full of beauty. We are a sisterhood which bears love, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, meekness, goodness, and temperance. Sisters, we are—Dynamic, Diverse and Determined! Our rich history stretches over a century, but the most ritual aspect of our Sisterhood is LOVE! For better or worse, sisterhood is about LOVE.

Contrary to many actions, sisterhood is not gossiping hen parties, rude departure in convocation, groupies at Morehouse or pot heads in the parking lot,—nor is it hanging out in Manley College Center minding

everyone else's business. It is about serious minded Black women preparing to challenge the world. It is Rhodes, Truman, Marshall, Merrill, and Mortar Board Scholars. It is about future engineers, doctors, lawyers, analysts, politicians, historians and scientists. It is about Black women networking and succeeding. Perhaps confusion has clouded the purpose of this prestigious institution.

The benefits our our Sisterhood are apparent. If you have not realized them yet, then I challenge you to re-orient yourself with the "purpose" of Spelman. The sisterhood is yours, it is what you make it. It was given to you with hopes that you would not disrespect it. The Essence of our Sisterhood is LOVE—take heed! I promise you, life at Spelman will be a brighter experience. As stated in prophetic words of the wise Africans, "Let your love come like the misty rain, softly, but flooding the river."

Halloween Happenings



Although many of us no longer get excited when we go into Walgreens and see Black plastic caps, pictures of orange jack-o-lanterns, and masks with drops of blood painted on, the time is upon us again—Halloween. Traditional Christians do not celebrate Halloween in the actual sense of what it is, the celebration of the dark or evil side and its characters.

We celebrate the opportunity for receiving or giving candy and partying.

On October 30, 1987, the Spelman Student Government Association and External Affairs Board will help community children enjoy Halloween night by picking the children up and taking them around Spelman's campus from dorm to dorm to collect candy. Delta Sigma Theta will provide the candy bags for the children and the Alpha Kappa Alpha sorority will have their annual "Genesis" party.

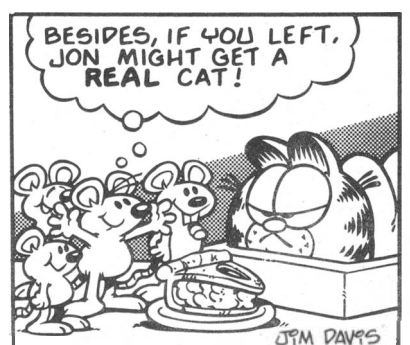
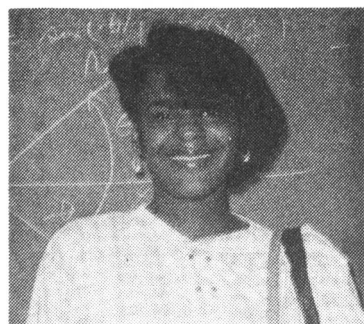


Photo Opinion

Does the sisterhood really exist here at Spelman?



Freshman: Valerie Tatum

"Yes, being a freshman the warm welcome I received from my older sisters was overwhelming. It gave my other freshman sisters the motivation to think and act as a true sister, A Spelman sister."



Sophomore: Brigitte Bailey

"Yes we're from different parts of the country with the same aspirations. We depend on each other for inspiration so that we can achieve in society."



Junior: Sue Alston

"I think it exists but I don't think it spreads throughout. I've found it personally but I've also found the opposite, some tension among the women here. But there are more women networking than those working against each other. There was more emphasis on it this year and I think that's positive because it begins with the freshmen, they will carry the spirit of sisterhood on."



Senior: Margo Perkins

"Yes I think I have made lasting bonds with many beautiful sisters over these past three years. This has been a rare experience which I'm sure I will treasure even more in the years following graduation."

A Search For Identity

by Kimberly Walker

When I first began my research into the different schools at which I could spend my college years, I was faced with the dilemma of deciding whether or not I would spend those four years at a predominantly white college or a predominantly Black college. In considering this choice, there were several key factors that influenced my decision. One of the most important elements of that decision, was that I had attended a predominantly white institution during my elementary and secondary school years. For the most part, the quality of education was excellent, but, as a minority, I felt that some aspects of my education had been neglected.

For example, in my English and Social Studies courses, I came in contact with little or no work created by or about Black Americans. Most of my research into the realms of Black American society, both it's past and present, was due to my own initiative. Another reason which greatly influenced my decision, was that throughout my years of elementary and secondary schooling, I had never had a Black teacher. Therefore, my

parents were the only positive Black role models that had any significant influence on my life. I yearned to learn more about my people, what it means to be Black, and to meet and study with other Black students with values and goals similar to mine. Consequently, for these reasons, I decided to attend a predominantly Black institution.

As I read my letter of acceptance from Spelman College, I was immediately filled with feelings of pride, joy, accomplishment, and excitement but I was also worried. Most of my experiences with the Black students that I came in contact with in secondary school were negative ones. For this reason, I was unsure whether or not I would fit in at Spelman. Most of the Black girls I encountered in secondary school were a misguided group who felt that their main objective in life was to live out the stereotypes that currently exist about Black Americans today. For example, one in every three of these students dropped out of school during the year because of teenage pregnancy. There was also, a

great deal of turmoil amidst that small group of minority students. Fights often broke out due to jealousy, dishonesty, or gossip. These experiences caused me to be apprehensive of what I might find at Spelman.

On the day that I finally arrived at Spelman College, my feelings were a melting pot of emotions. Overall, I was overcome by the sensation of sisterhood that already existed amongst the incoming freshmen. I was delighted to find that, as I moved into my room, several of the students in the surrounding rooms came over to introduce themselves. I was also excited, as I began to talk to each one individually, to find that many of the young women had high aspirations for themselves. During that freshman week, I attended a medley of programs designed to make the adjustment into college life an easy one. At each program, I learned something new about myself. By the end of the week, I knew more about the importance of being an intelligent Black woman and the significance of the cultivation of Black womanhood, than I had ever known before.

Registration '87

by Cheri L. Roberts

Registration. After that first, harrowing experience with registration at Spelman College, the word strikes fear and loathing into the hearts of many students. Last year, after my first registration experience, although I was tired, hungry, and resembling a wounded animal, I realized that I was one of the lucky ones. I came to this realization upon seeing sisters limping, hunched over, delirious, and completely disoriented after five to six hours of long lines, schedule changes, and interminable delays. This year,

however, was different. With the exception of the financial aid station, practically all of the students I informally polled found registration this year a quicker and less painful experience.

The financial aid line was by far the longest and slowest, and once students had endured that wait, often the proper file or information could not readily be located. Much of the confusion this year surrounded the Guaranteed Student Loan (GSL) applications. Even students who had applied early had

yet to receive approval from their banks because the financial aid office had not been able to process all of the applications during the summer. Apparently, this not only created problems for students, but confusion within the student accounts and cashier offices. Although students were permitted to register without their GSL checks, it was nevertheless disturbing for many students, to know that some forms had yet to be processed.

There was also disorder regarding work-study

assignments. Previously, students signed up for work-study during registration. This year, however, they had to sign up after Labor Day, when classes had already resumed. Some students were unprepared for this change, and others resented having to wait once again in long lines and suffer countless other delays. The general consensus was that this new procedure served only to further complicate the process. In fact, the overall feeling among students who must rely on the financial aid

office is that the procedures are too time consuming, not thoroughly explained, and often repetitive.

Nevertheless, on the whole, registration went rather well. We may never know whether the seemingly more expedient procedure was a merciful reprieve or actual procedural changes, but we all hope it becomes a permanent addition to Spelman's new perspective. While we must not raise our hopes too high, I for one am quite pleased to say that Registration '87 was a moderate success.

Man or Man-Made?

by Heather Hawes

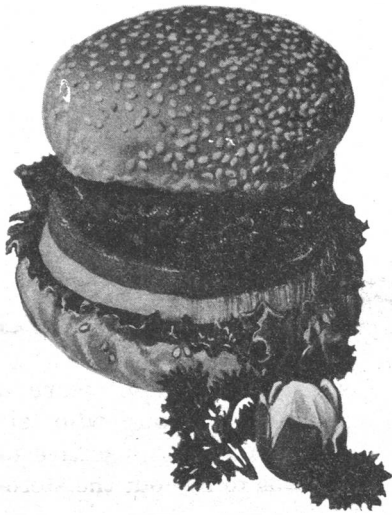
A young man is in the parking lot on a sunny Friday afternoon and notices a pretty young lady. He immediately drives up to her and says "Hello, my name is Oron." She looks at him and thinks to herself, "This man is not attractive!" He gets out of his 911 Porsche, pushes up his trifocal glasses, and stands proudly in her face with bad breath. "My name is Allison," she says without laughing. He smiles with confidence and says, "I was wondering would you like to see a movie with me sometime?" Looking at the height of his 4 inch afro, Guess jeans, and Polo shirt, she agrees.

What does this lady want?

A Man or something man made?

Our campuses have so many women and men who are just like Allison. They look at material items instead of taking people for

what they really are. This process has been around for a long time and it's not about to die. People, not only in the Atlanta University Center, but all over the world look for mates who have that five letter word that can carry them anywhere...MONEY! Yep, everyone wants to be around Washington, Lincoln, Grant, and Jackson (just to name a few). And how can they be blamed; it can buy a car, serious clothes, expensive jewelry, lavish dinners and even a new body if there is enough of it. But why do people become so enthralled with it?



Restaurant Review

by Wande Dada

Tired of going out to Lenox for a change of pace? Well, a welcome change is just around the corner—from Ga. State that is. Ever heard of Little Five Points?!! Well, it's a prescription for fun. Located at Moreland and Euclid Avenues, it plays host to a little eateries, cute boutiques as well as a number of side attractions. With the Inman Park Marta four blocks away, Little Five Points is quite accessible.

One of my favorite restaurants, in Little Five Points is Fellini's, a punk rock pizza joint. Don't let the punk rock title fool you though. The atmosphere is very relaxed and the pizza is the best in the area. They offer all the toppings and for beer lovers, you'll find your favorite brew at Fellini's.

The prices are reasonable.

A Large Pizza	7.50
Additional Toppings	1.00
Domestic Beer	1.50
Imported Beer	1.75
Soda	.50-.70
Slices are available.	

The area also offers Ethiopian, Italian, Mexican, health and junk food restaurants. Enjoy!!!

Well, here in the AUC, to have money is to have power. "Sally" just came back from the summer vacation with a new Firebird. Last semester no one knew her or even spoke to her. But now since she has gotten a "ride," people are trying to get to know her and be her friend. This happens with men also. If a guy has a car, usually someone will be willing to date this person. Yes, it's hard to get around without "wheels," but to become someone's friend or to date

someone just because he or she has a car is absurd.

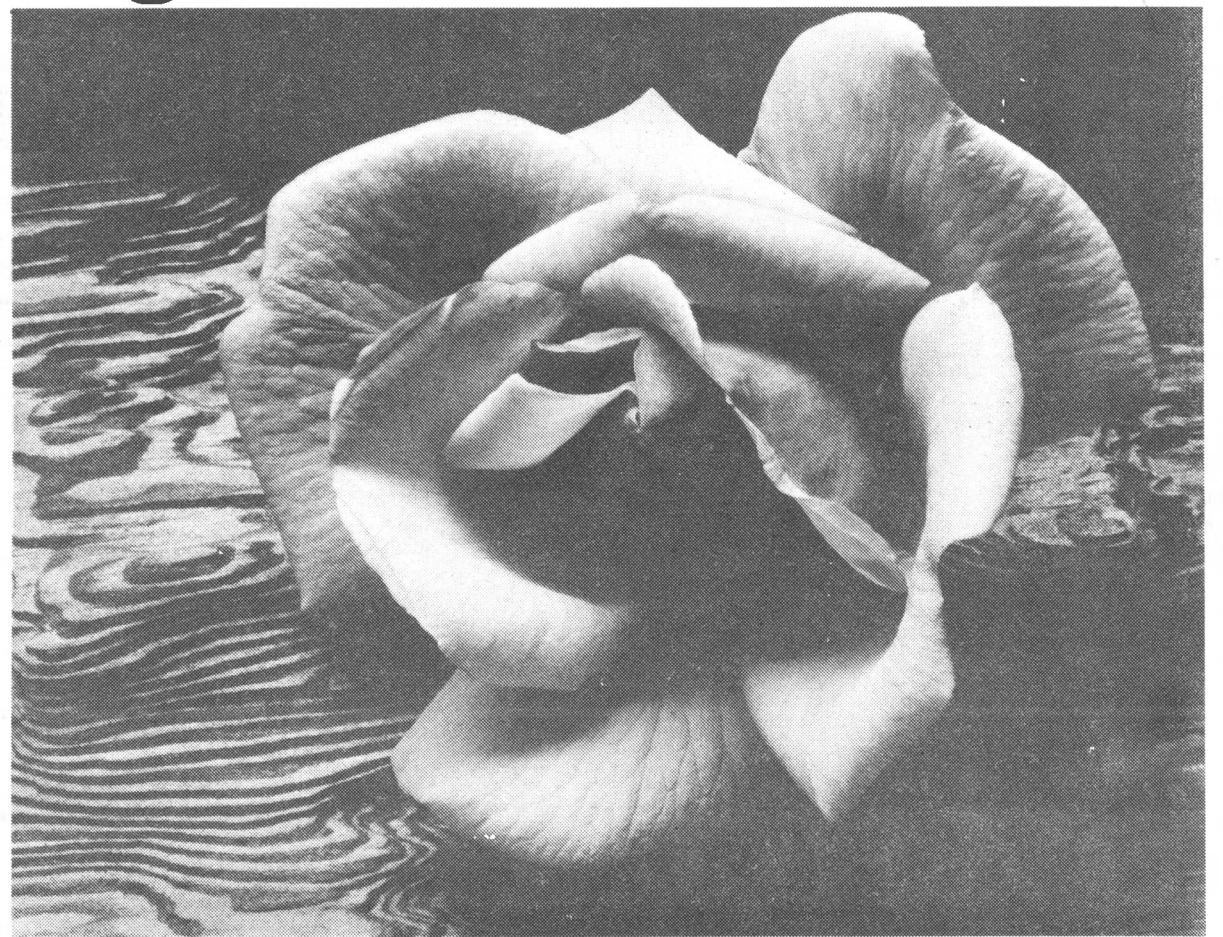
Often, people who have money flaunt it like a magic wand. They feel the need to impress others. Some feel insecure about themselves or afraid of being alone. As a result, they try to make themselves fit into a well-known crowd on campus.

Hey, don't get me wrong. I am not saying that I dislike anyone who has money, nor am I trying to put anyone down. But some people are unconsciously materialistic.

Look around you, in the dorms, in the class room, at the next party. You'll see what I mean.

Instead of looking for a mate with a car or money, try looking for a mate who has a strong self image and with whom you can communicate. Try to impress yourself instead of being concerned with impressing others. You have to be satisfied with who and what you are. If you are not happy with yourself, all the money in the Federal Reserve Bank will not make you happy. Material possessions are wonderful to have, but remember, that's just what they are, material possessions.

Ansel Adams: Exhibition at High Museum of Art



by Toni L. Belin

"Ansel Adams: Classic Images," an exhibition of 75 of the finest images produced by Ansel Adams (1902-1984), the renowned 20th-century American photographer, will be on display at the High Museum of Art through January 24, 1988.

Known as the museum set, the photographs were selected and printed by Adams in the last years of his life to represent the highest quality of his work.

Mary Street Alinder, Ansel Adams' chief assistant and curator of the exhibition "Ansel Adams: Classic Images," opened a series of programs on the renowned American photographer at

the High Museum of Art on September 30. The programs include a gallery talk and a documentary on Adams. The schedule is as follows:

Sunday, Oct. 4, and Sunday, Oct. 25, 2:00pm

"Ansel Adams: Classic Images;" third floor gallery; free with Museum admission. Linda Boyte, program assistant in the Department of Education, presents a gallery talk on the exhibition of 75 of Ansel Adams' finest photographs.

Sunday, Nov. 1, 2:00pm and Sunday, Nov. 22, 3:30pm

"Ansel Adams: Photographer;" Hill auditorium; free with proof of Museum admission. In this film biography,

Ansel Adams speaks about his long and prolific career as an artist, conversationist and teacher, while visiting the locations of his most favorite photographs.

The High Museum of Art is located at Peachtree and 16th Streets in the Robert W. Woodruff Arts Center. Hours are Tuesday through Saturday, 10am to 5pm and open until 9pm every Wednesday; Sunday, noon to 5pm; closed Mondays. General admission is \$3; \$1 for students with IDs and senior citizens; free for children under 12 and Museum members. For recorded information on all High Museum programs call 892-HIGH.

Jokes

Did you hear about the idiot that tried to blow up a bus?

He burned his lips on the exhaust pipe.

How can you pick Dolly Parton's kids out in a crowd? They're the ones with stretch marks around their mouths.

Producer to writer: I have some good news and some bad news. The good news is that Paramount loved your script, practically ate it up.

Writer: What's the bad news?

Producer: Paramount is my cocker spaniel.

A man enters a restaurant with a dog and says to the entire crowd: My dog can talk and for 5 dollars I'll show all of you. Someone in the crowd gives the man \$5 and the man turns to the dog and says, "What's on top of a house? The dog replies "roof." The crowd laughs and calls the man and his dog a fraud. The man takes offense and says for free he'll prove that his dog is genuine. He then proceeds to ask the dog "Who's the greatest hitter of all time in baseball?" "Ruth," replies the dog.

By this time the crowd is about ready to throw both of them out when the dog turns to his master and asks, "Was it Hank Aaron?"

Submitted by,
Gail Wells

The Spelman Spotlight presents...Dimensions

Mr. Right Where are You?

Can you make my jagged
edges smooth?

Can you help me avoid rough
spots and lonely times?

Can you help me become a
rider of the night winds?

Can you help me realize that
Black is beautiful?

Can you put a sparkle in my
eye?

Can you make love like
springtime?

Can you shatter all of my
fears and inadequacies?

Can you give me the faith
and courage I need?

Can you help make my
dreams realities?

Can you walk on water?

Can You?

Can You?

Can You?

No, I didn't think so!

Mr. Right, where are you?

Didn't you know, he does not
exist!

Angela George

Last night I closed my eyes
for a moment
My body shook with a violent
tremor

My heart murmured like an
engine

Racing with thunder and
lightening

Last night I closed my eyes
for a moment

A quiet storm took over me
yet the wind embraced me
Arousing my sense of
sensitivity

Awakening areas that were
previously out of reach

Last night I closed my eyes
for a moment

This morning when I
awakened to the hum drum
of the A.M.

My mind backtracked
congratulating my conscience

My soul appreciating it all

Close your eyes for a
moment.

Tomika A.M.
DePriest

Question

question—if a hand is
extended should i grab?
question—if a tear falls will
there be a tissue?
question—if i'm alone will i
still hear laughter?
question—can i count on
you?

Roben Triplett

SISTERHOOD

Not always obvious or
seemingly evident...
Found in a loving smile, a
helping hand,
a warm hug that says:
I love you, not because you
are
perfect or nearly so.
but because you are my Black
Sister—
PROUD, STRONG and
MOVING ON!

Kathryn Stanley

"Cycles"

Why must things always
change?
If things didn't change
you wouldn't be the person
you are
or
you won't be the person you
are to become.
Why can't the past be built
upon
instead of left behind?
The past and its experiences
are tools with which you are
to mold a future that is
yours.
You have left nothing behind.
You have now only just begun
to realize
its meaning and
its value.
You cannot distinguish
between
past and the present
or between
memories and experiences.
They all remain within your
heart,
to use when you may need
them.
Never become greedy—
Never try to hoard them all.
Appreciate them for the
moment
and you will never question
where they have gone
because
they will never have left.

Keisha McClellan

"Traditions"

A Southern metropolis with
the
Southern hospitality of a
people with tradition in their
hearts.

An effort to maintain
memories,
re-enact reflections,
and keep reality a dream.

Silent emotions. Monologues
in the night.
I can hear the cries of my
past in another.
Delusion. And loneliness. The
tradition of a people.

Keisha McClellan

Bottle Top Love

Bottle top love.
Fizz of joy,
Hip hop of happiness,
Bubble of my life,
Crystal of my heart,
Cool liquid to quench my
wondering thoughts.
Bottle top love,
Done fizzed, done fizzled,
done fuzzed out...

Roben Triplett

#1

the sweltering heat
forced my skin to peel
and the cruel rays of the sun
turned my beautiful brown
skin
blond and I cried.

Clarence Anthony

Confused

trying to understand the
incomprehensible
trying to touch the intangible
being drowned in my own
bizarre thoughts and
aspirations
seeking a greater love.
Confused
trying to see the invisible
trying to hear the inaudible
acting strong, feeling,
insecure
about what? I don't know.
Confused
trying to avoid the inevitable
trying to be me
But who am I?
Sonya Brooks

It's Over, Michael

by Susan D. Mitchell

When I was twelve years
old, he was my hero. Honest
to God, I loved him as a young
girl who is on the threshold
of finding out what life is
really all about. He was so
cute, and his sweet voice
filled my heart with an inno-
cent love, and my head with
puffy, pink daydreams. When
I was, oh I suppose fourteen
or fifteen, I truly believed
that the girl he so mournfully
called for in the lyrics of his
music was myself. I truly
believed that his message
was mine, and only I could
satisfy his longing. We were
soulmates. The only problem
that faced me was making
him aware of my existence. A
minor inconvenience in the
face of true love.

Then, when I was sixteen,
things started to change. I
was "going with" my first
boyfriend, and though I real-
ized Michael couldn't take
the place of Peter, they both
nonetheless shared a
common ground—my heart.
And when he would sing, all
the troubles in my young life
seemed small, inconsequen-
tial. That angelic voice, so
clear, so lilting—it cleansed
me.

Even though he had
changed his nose, and his
hair always seemed to be
sliding around against his
scalp, I still loved him.

Even when "Thriller" came
out, I was still in awe, still
under his magical spell that
he had woven so effortlessly
around my heart. I mean, the
video was live! It gave me

chills every time I watched it.
How he could dance! My
perceptions were not yet
elevated, and I didn't notice
how silly the female looked,
screaming and running to a
haunted house, not to a car
or a bike like any intelligent
person would. I mean, he was
Michael. He was "BAD."

And when his hair caught
on fire, probably because of
all that stuff that made it
slide around on his scalp—I
still felt bad for him and
wanted to comfort him.

Even though his skin
seemed to get whiter and
whiter, even though I kept
hearing crazy stories about
his wild animals, and his wax
dummies, I still loved him.

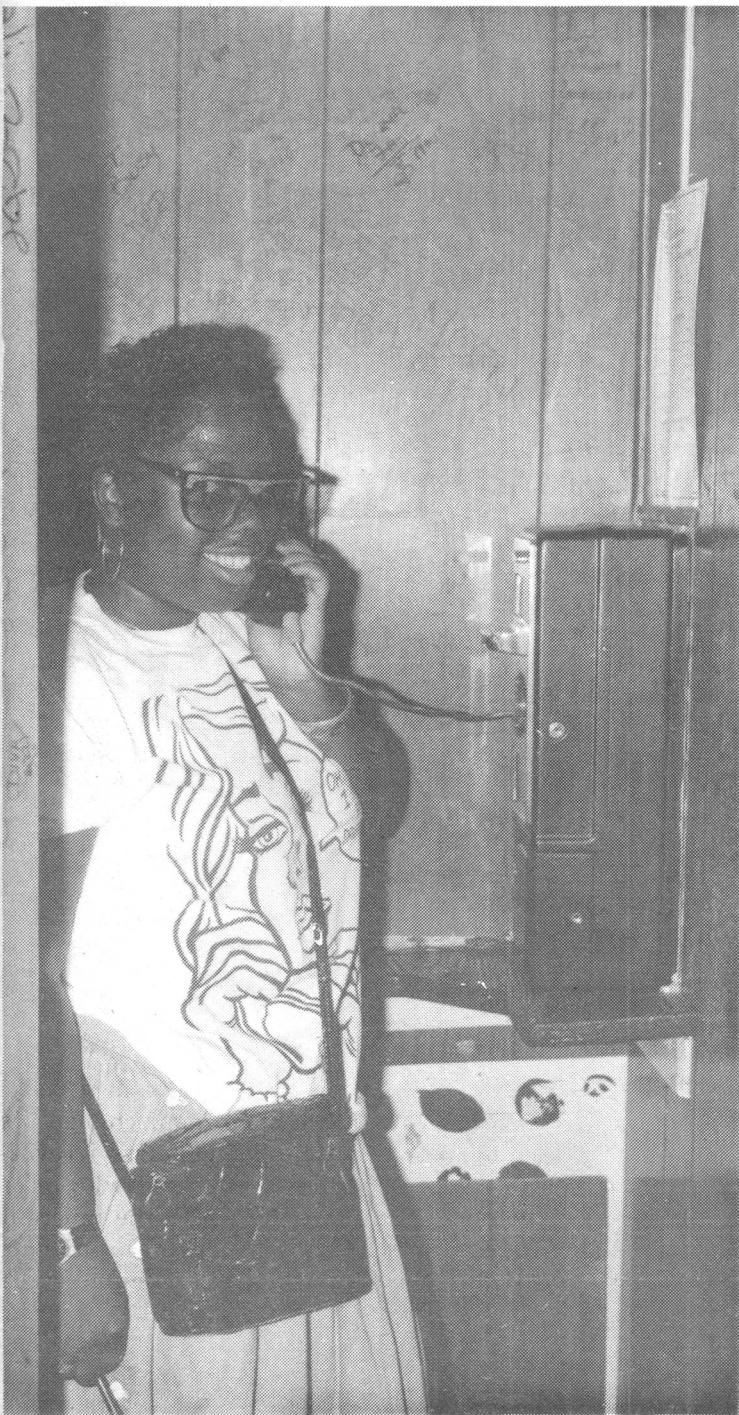
Even though a little voice
that grew louder still, saying,
"He's losing it, Sue. Face it.
He is losing IT," rang inside
my head when I saw him
hanging around with Brooke
Sheilds, wearing dark shades
and one glove, with that
"Webster" child in his arms
like some kind of toy, I still
remained faithful.

But things change, people
grow, people wake up. My love
started to become confused,
perplexed. Questions
stormed my brain. Why
would anyone want to buy the
remains of the Elephant
Man? Why doesn't he realize
the money spent buying the
remains of a poor deformed
soul that needs to rest in
peace could enable Black
institutions of higher
learning to never worry
about federal cuts or bank-

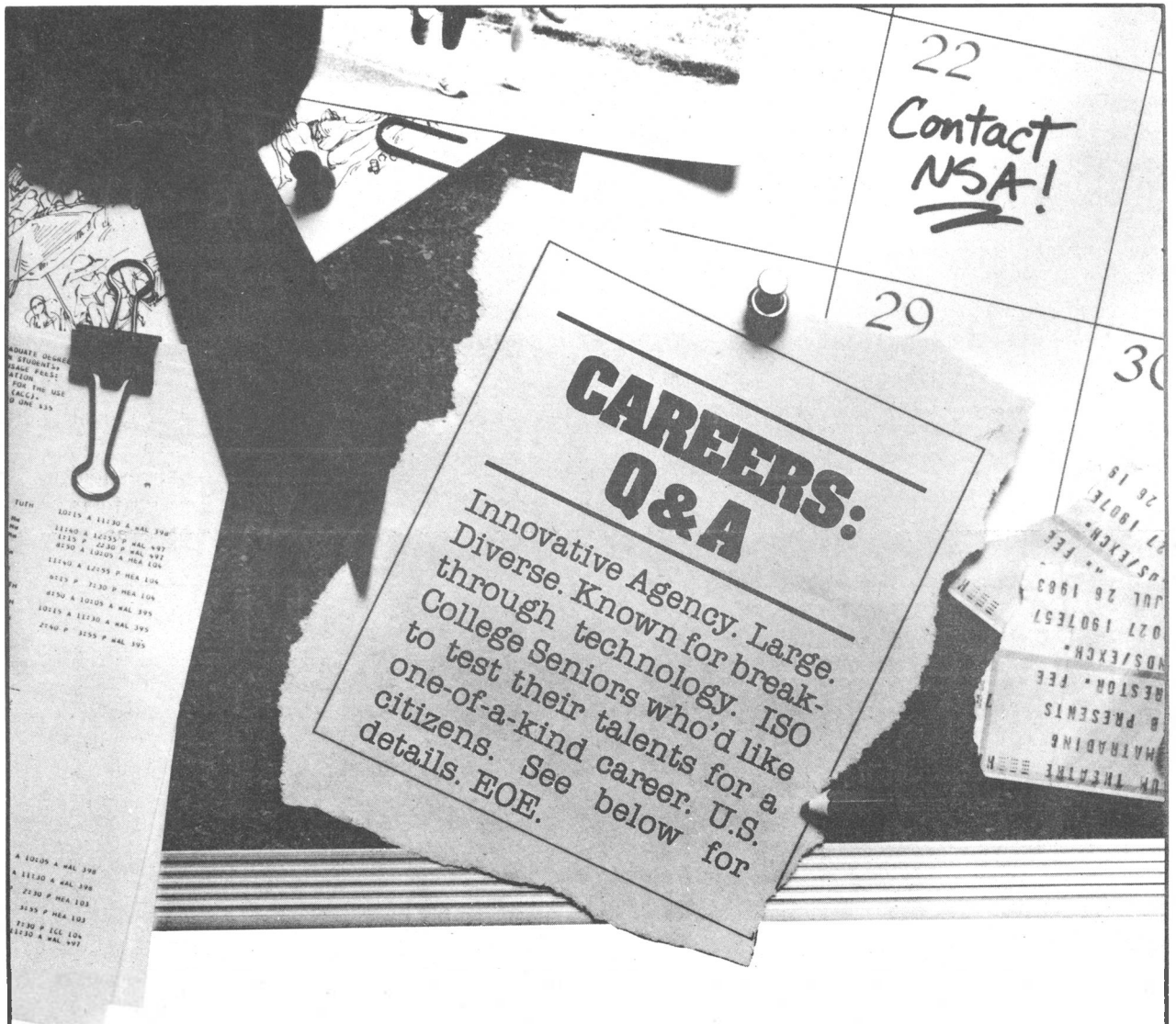
ruptcy? Why would a beau-
tiful Black man change his
whole demeanor so irrevoc-
ably that a girl who once
loved him with the innocent
love of a child could not,
cannot comprehend what
exactly it is he is trying to be?

And so I sat, disillusioned,
yet still carrying a miniature
birthday cake candle-sized
torch for Michael as I
watched his highly publi-
cized video "Bad" on the tele-
vision. I tried to understand
what it was he was trying to
tell all of the little girls who
love him as I once did. I tried
to understand why his face
looked so disturbing. I tried
to ignore the creeps that kept
running up my back and
neck every time I saw his
face, that caricature of the
being I once loved. Yeah, he
can still dance, and his song
has a certain funky beat,
even if it is somewhat
generic. But the fire is gone,
the love affair has come to a
tragic, painful end. I cannot
be inspired by him any
longer.

Perhaps one day Michael
will remember all the little
girls who love him so, who
look in the mirror and think
that their noses are too wide,
or their skin is too brown, or
their hair is too kinky. Per-
haps one day he will remem-
ber his people, his
community that he has
forgotten as he winds down
that road towards self-
hatred. Maybe then I can say
the name Michael Jackson
without simultaneously
feeling betrayed and sad.



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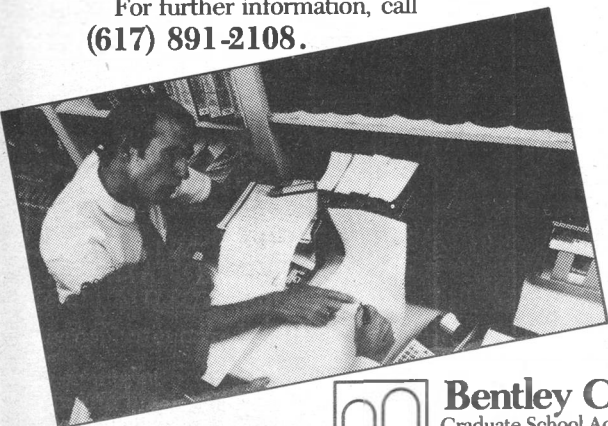
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"Blue-eyed Blacks"

by Dwayne C. Williams

Every year, the socially conscious element in the Atlanta University Center holds open forums. The forums are devoted to controversial topics relative to students at the A.U.C., and Black people in general. No matter what the chosen topic for the forum may have been, invariably the discussions turned to the question of Blacks trying to assimilate to whites too closely.

In the past, I could look on with a certain detachment and smile inwardly at what I perceived, and continue to perceive, as an overzealousness on the part of some to be totally and unrealistically separate in our Blackness. Some of the most commonly touched upon topics were relaxed hair, hair additions, and even the use of make-up. The pros and cons as well as the social implications have been debated with fervor and it appears that the majority of the student body has accepted the forementioned as merely cosmetic

affectations.

In the past year or so, we have seen the emergence of a new fad in the Black community in the form of blue contact lenses. This fad appears to transcend the boundaries of class, and certainly of good taste. It would be presumptuous as well as unfair and inaccurate to make a broad generalization about all Black people who wear blue contact lenses. So we will approach this from the backdoor by posing several questions. As a people and as individuals we must ask ourselves why we chose to wear blue contact lenses. Do we consciously or unconsciously desire to be white? On the surface, this question may appear to be ludicrous. However, upon closer observation it may prove to be an accurate assessment. More succinctly, do we wish to possess traits that are exclusively white because we perceive them as being superior? Or, are we just mindless drones that are slaves to the dictates of fashion trends.

If we are to examine the potential damage that this phenomena may cause to our community, we must ask ourselves two questions. To what extent, and what type of damage may this do to our community? And, how does white society perceive this phenomena? Some may answer minimal damage to the first question, and who cares to the second. If your answer was minimal damage to the first question, we need to re-examine the state of affairs of our nations Black youth. We must examine the levels of crime, gang warfare, and drug addition in our communities.

The most obvious cause for these maladies is lack of money. However, upon closer observation, a more subtle, invisible cause of our problems is low self-esteem. Low self-esteem does not scream its presence with visible displays, but it can cause devastating results.

When some Black youth observe other Blacks who may be economically fortunate wearing these

contacts, it sends out distinct messages. It is akin to down-playing or trying to deny one's Blackness. The resulting message is a lack of self-pride within our community. Conversely, when whites observe Black people wearing them we are not only sending out the same negative messages, but we are also reinforcing their psuedo sense of superiority. Whites have historically done this by hailing individuals in their own race that possess blue-eyes and blond hair as the most desirable types within their race. It is not accidental that the traits that they hold in highest esteem are those traits that are genetically indigenous to their race.

As a people we must analyze the possible consequences before we act. We are responsible not only for ourselves as individuals, but also for ourselves as a race of

people. We must build strong foundations for our youth to develop on. And we must provide positive role models for them to emulate.

If we are our peoples future then we must ask ourselves, "Do we know where we are going?"

Employment Opportunities

The following is a listing of employment opportunities in and around the Atlanta area.

Name: **St. Peter Paul School**
Hours: 3 to 6pm
Position: Teachers Aid
Salary: \$5.00/hr.
Requirements: No Requirements
Contact: Teresa Wilburn
2560 Tilson Rd.
Decatur, Ga. 30032
Phone #: 241-3063
9 to 12pm

Name: **Sherwin Williams**
Hours: Made available when calling
Position: Manager Trainee
Salary: \$17,000 + bonus
Requirements: Business/Econ. major
2.75 GPA
Willing to relocate
Contact: David Owenbis
11 LaVista Perimeter
Office Park, Suite 107
Tucker, Ga. 30085
Phone #: 934-9070

Name: **R.P.S.**
Hours: 2am to 6am
Position: Deck Package Handler
Salary: \$7.00/hr.
Requirements: UPS Operations, Loading Vans, etc.
Contact: Tim
Phone #: 624-3806
8 to 10am/Mon. thru Fri.

Name: **R.P.S.**
Hours: 6 to 11am
Position: Quality Control Clerk
Salary: \$5.75/hr. (During Probation) then \$6.00/hr.
Requirements: Responsible for Rewrapping Packages, Readdressing & any other exceptions.
Contact: Dave Palock
Phone #: 624-3806

Name: **R.P.S.**
Hours: 5 to 10pm
Position: Dock Data Entry Clerk
Salary: \$5.75/hr. then \$6.00/hr.
Requirements: Must have 10 key by touch experience
Contact: Dave Palock
PHONE #: 624-3806
Name: Decatur Recreation Department
Hours: 2:15 to 6:15 (20 hrs. wk)
Position: Recreation Leaders
Salary: \$5.50/hr.
Phone #: 377-0494

Name: **AT&T Communications**
Hours: 5:45 to 11pm (M thru F)
10am to 5pm (Sat)
Position: Telemarketing Rep.
Salary: \$5.41/hr.
Requirements: Excellent telephone voice
Contact: Melany Allen
Phone #: 873-8212 or 873-7067

Name: **T.P.S.**
Hours: Made available when calling
Position: Appointment Setters, Researchers, Surveyors & Fund Raiser
Salary: \$4.00/hr. to \$10.00/hr. + commission
Requirements: Good telephone voice
Phone #: 395-1855 (10am to 6pm)



October

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7 Reception with Pres. Cole President's Dining Hall 6:00-8:00p.m.	8	9	10
11	12 English Week at Spelman Giles Old Library Giles Ground Floor 7:00-9:00p.m.	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23 Spelman Women Talent Festival Sister's Chapel 7:00-10:00p.m.	24
25 Visitation of pastor and choir Sister's Chapel 11:00 convocation Reception for pastor and choir President's Dining Hall 12:30 or immediately following services	26	27	28	29 Halloween Party for neighborhood kids Manley Lower Concourse 6:00-9:00p.m.	30	31